

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1896.—40 PAGES.

A GIRL'S BRAVE TEST OF OUR NEW LIFEBOAT.

At Sea in a Gale
in the Only Boat
That Cannot
Be Made
to Sink.

"SANDY HOOK" A NEW WONDER.

The First Trial of a
Staunch Little Boat
That Does Duty
Where Breeches
Buoy Fails.

I have tested the new lifeboat that will not sink, that will not capsize and that will not leak. This is the wonderful new Government craft for which we have all heard great things claimed. They have christened her the Sandy Hook.

We need a lifeboat that actually saves lives far more than we need record-breaking ocean liners. We now have lifeboats and breeches buoys. These are the only means of safety possible in the case of a sinking or stranded vessel. This winter, as never before, we have seen how inadequate both of these methods are.

Lifeboats, loaded with despairing sailors, have gone off from sinking ships in mid-ocean, never again to be heard of until found bottom up and empty on some far shore.

The breeches buoy in theory is an ingenious and successful means of rescue. But its use is limited to those shores which are patrolled by life-saving crews. And, worse yet, it is almost impossible to operate it in a stout gale.

This new non-sinkable, non-swampable, self-bailing lifeboat which I have tested in behalf of the Sunday Journal is really a phenomenon. This new craft was launched for the first time since its arrival at Sandy Hook last week. It was built at Port Huron, Mich. I was the only guest of the life-saving crew who one day recently tested the wonderful powers of this most remarkable boat.

It was a wild, stormy day at the Hook. The Weather Bureau had warned skippers not to trust themselves outside. Snow, fog, wind and rain by turns made the day thick all the morning. A fleet of colliers and tugs were anchored off the Hook waiting for the fog blanket to lift. Altogether it was a decidedly propitious time for the crew at Sandy Hook to exhibit the sterling qualities of their staunch little craft.

I had heard a great deal about the boat. It was declared that she was warranted non-sinkable, and also non-capsizeable, and that she could be launched in all weathers and under the most adverse circumstances. Therefore, when I received an invitation from Captain Patterson to test her, I accepted at once. But I should like to assure my readers that it is one thing to read about braving a tempestuous storm in a so-called perfectly safe lifeboat, and quite another to actually do it.

A WILD, STORMY DAY.
It was 8 o'clock in the morning. The storm was raging furiously. I could see the men at work launching the boat. It was a tedious task, as they have as yet no hoist, and were obliged to use a crane, as they called it.

I must confess I could not dispel a certain gloomy foreboding with which I was almost overwhelmed, as ankle deep in sand, almost knocked down by the combined force of wind and rain, I slowly picked my way to the shore. There lay the handsome new boat. She had just been floated from her cradle.

"You can never wear that hat," said Captain Patterson, as he gazed in horror at my large plumed headgear.

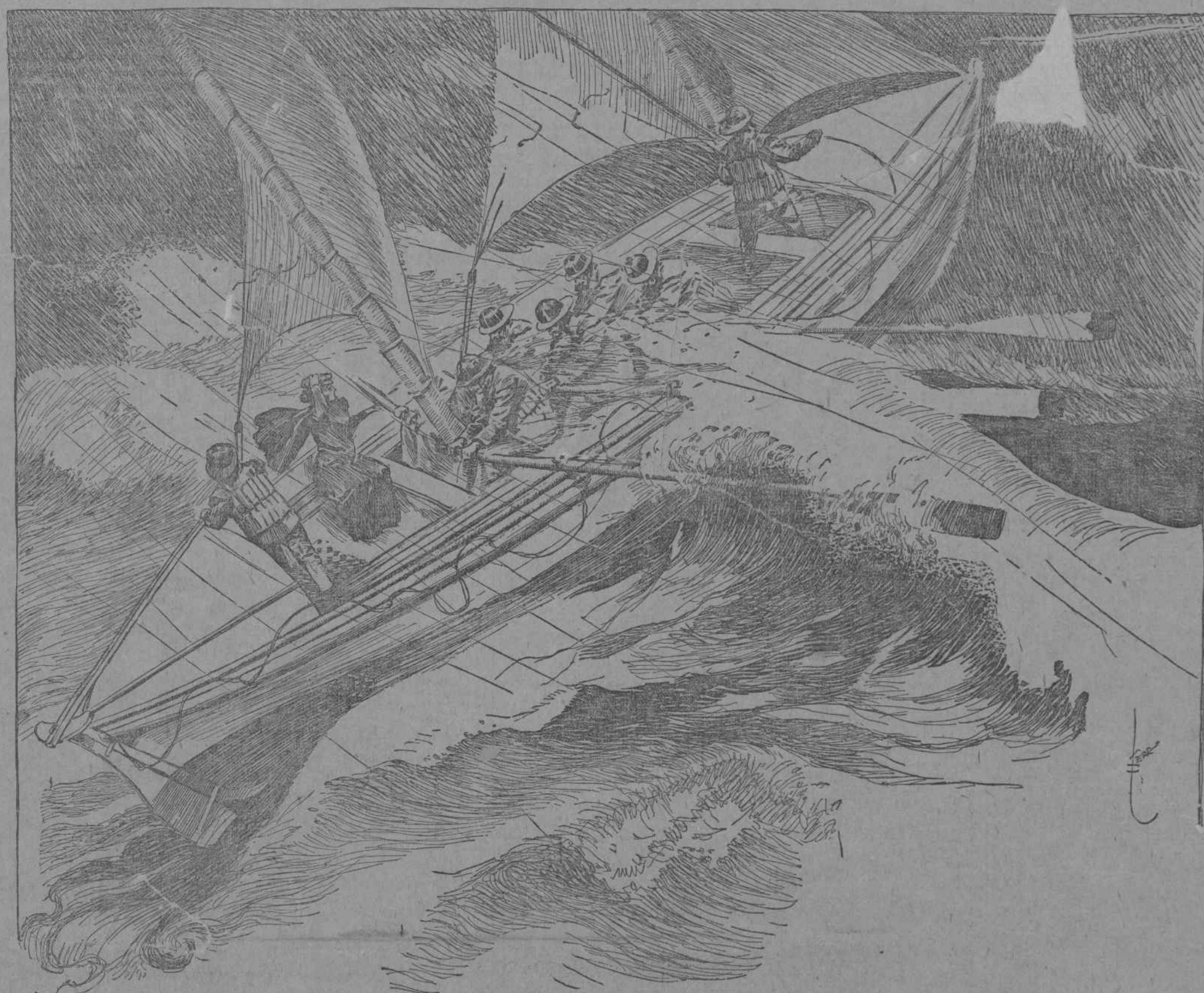
The man back of him sagely shook his rubber-capped head, and ventured, half to himself, "That'll catch more wind than one of them sails."

"The rain will spoil the feathers," said another. To tell the truth, I had been so engrossed in the prospects of the trip I had quite overlooked the absurdity of my inappropriate make-up. So I gladly accepted a close-fitting dark blue yachting cap and a big rubber coat, with which the captain provided me.

GETTING INTO THE BOAT.
Then they lifted me into the boat, and we were off to an imaginary rescue. Until I gazed upon the bright sunshine of this world for the last time I shall never forget my experience.

I looked at the men. They were all clad in oilskins, and life-preservers were about their waists. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention the fact that I, too, was tied up in a cork preserver, and very uncomfortable I felt. I can assure you. Somehow I felt as if I ought to stop breathing, and I sat as stiff as a poker in a far-corner of the boat. The captain gave the order to hoist the sails, and the white expanse of sailcloth for the first time was unfurled to the breeze.

TESTING THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW LIFEBOAT.



One of the Sunday Journal's Courageous Young Women Makes a Trial Trip in a Howling Storm in a New Unsinkable, Uncapsizable Lifeboat.

Then we sailed out of the bay and made straight for the black, unyielding ocean. I looked backward as we rounded the last arm of Sandy Hook. It was black with innumerable crows, all screaming at once. The bells were ringing, and the dreadful moan of the fog-horn vied with the roar of the angry waves.

Now we were far out on the white-crested Atlantic. Sandy Hook was a dull speck far behind, enveloped in an impenetrable sheen of fog. The sky grew blacker and denser. The wind and rain beat down unmercifully upon the boat. The white fog clouds became thicker. The storm birds screamed wildly, but their fierce cries were drowned by the moan of the raging sea, which piled billow upon billow over the bow of the Sandy Hook, and sprayed her pretty, full, white sails.

However, all this had not the slightest effect upon the course of the gallant rescue boat. She rode the highest and most angry billows as prettily as a horse would leap a hurdle. The water valves were forced open, constantly letting out water, and the fiercest gust of wind was powerless to capsize her.

The Sandy Hook made a really pretty picture—pretty in her gentle mastery of the storm's danger and fury as she skipped and bobbed and dodged through the angry, rolling waves.

RIDING THE WAVES.
I was literally being "rocked in the cradle of the deep," and, to be truthful, I was getting a bit dizzy.

All this time the captain stood motionless at the helm, with his hand on the rudder. He spoke but an occasional word, but he looked a great deal. His quick eyes were on every part of the boat at once. He seemed greatly pleased, and I suppose it must have been because the boat was behaving so beautifully.

The men took turns in beating their arms against their benumbed bodies. They all wore a purple expression, which was painfully unbecoming. I sat like a bit of water-soaked logwood. I had no means of keeping myself warm, therefore I had to undergo the awful sensation of believing I was rapidly beginning to freeze.

The water from the dripping sails slowly trickled down my neck and played tag down my back. My feet—long since devoid of feeling—were complacently swimming in a pool of briny water, and I was deluged with a shower bath every few seconds.

THE WRECK OF THE CURTIS.
Ever and anon the crew exchanged a few words in hushed tones, accompanied by glances in my direction—glances of pity and remorse, I suppose. I couldn't just tell, as their rubber caps were pulled down too far over their faces. Finally one of them ventured:

"Kinder bad weather fer cutta, ain't it?" He nudged his right-hand neighbor and they both exchanged a frozen laugh.

I raised my hand to my throbbing brow and—oh, horrors! I couldn't help suppressing a groan. My cap of anguish was full to overflowing. My beautiful curls that I had rolled up so carefully and conscientiously the previous night! These

curls were sticking out in all directions from beneath my cap, and the wind and rain were blowing them wet, stringy and perfectly straight, across my benumbed and icy brow.

There is nothing—no, actually nothing—on the face of the earth that will make a woman so thoroughly angry, hateful and uncomfortable as to be told her hair is out of curl.

But I wasn't looking one bit worse than I felt. I made up my mind to let the worst wave wash me overboard—for I was getting desperate. I was deathly sick, and I didn't much care just then what happened to me. But when the next billow did come I looked suddenly wonderfully bright to me, and I couldn't get up courage enough to loosen my grip from the boat side.

Still we were sailing on and on, far out to sea. Our course was unobstructed. We seemed to be the only boat on the Atlantic. I tried to smile so as to reassure the crew. Hardly had the smile subsided when a gust of foam, followed by a gale of icy wind, nearly paralyzed me. I tried to button my rubber coat still closer about my shivering figure, but my fingers were too stiff. I had no feeling in them at all.

A TERRIBLE MOMENT.
"Are yer seasick?" asked the oarsman nearest me, with a show of real pity.

I tried to get my mouth open to answer, but if I had been a victim of lockjaw it could not have been gliber closer. Then I tried to shake my head, but alas! that, too, was stationary. I began to get frightened at myself, for I fancied I was dying. I couldn't move. I just sat bolt upright and stared at my questioner. I must have had a comical expression on my face. It must have been the frozen smile mixed with salt tears, for he nudged his partner on the seat and they both looked intently at me.

"I say, are yer alive?" queried the other man, leaning a bit toward me. By this time I was quite sure I must be dead, for I couldn't keep my eyes away from the man's face. They seemed to be frozen in their sockets. Well, thought I, this won't do at all. I'm not going to die without making an effort to save myself. I conjured up all my will power, and, with a physical effort, my mouth came open with a jerk. I think there were icicles on my lips, but I'm not quite sure.

I was just going to convince my comely partner I was all right when the next instant I was enveloped in a hissing, foamy green mass of water. My mouth was completely filled with the ugly, salty stuff. I couldn't close it, and the water kept rushing in and in until I was completely filled with it.

Then I heard a deep rushing sound. My brain reeled like a top. I stretched out my hands and I could feel nothing but water. Water was everywhere.

Then I knew what had happened. I had been washed from the boat. I was floating all alone. I would surely drown. The hopelessness of my situation appalled me. I was overcome. I knew I must die, but I clung to life as vigorously as ever. I still prayed for help.

"I KNEW I WAS LOST."
I tried to look about me. The waters filled my eyes. Presently I discerned the dim outlines of the Sandy Hook. She was sitting as bravely as ever, and heading far out to sea. But no one was at her rudder, and not a man plied her oars. I heard a shout, and saw just ahead of me the yellow oil jackets of three of the crew.

I knew we had been wrecked. I gave up hope then and there, for I knew there was no chance for us. We could not live many minutes longer in such a fury. I thought of all the things I had ever done in my life.

I was fast losing consciousness when suddenly I heard church bells, and then a willing as bravely as ever, and heading far out to sea. But no one was at her rudder, and not a man plied her oars. I heard a shout, and saw just ahead of me the yellow oil jackets of three of the crew.

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THE SANDY HOOK A BEAUTY.

After luncheon, which I took at the Life-Saving station, Captain Patterson took me out to view my wonderful preserver. Proudly it tossed about at anchor. All white and bronze, it rose above the still angry green waters. The Captain viewed her much as a child does a new toy, and he explained all her wonderful qualities to me in order that he might give the Journal readers an exact idea of the construction of the new Sandy Hook.

In the first place, she is painted entirely white. She is not only absolutely unsinkable, but she sails herself by means of eight valves, four on each side of the bottom, in fifteen seconds. If turned upside down, she rights herself in ten seconds.

She is 34 feet long, 6 feet wide outside of stern and 6 feet in depth. She has a centerboard and is water ballasted. She has a mast and a set of sails go with her. She can carry fifty passengers easily. Besides the sails, she has eight oarlocks.

The material used in her construction is of the very best, and the workmanship is of the most superior finish. The hull is of the most superior finish. The hull is of the most superior finish. The hull is of the most superior finish.

other throughout at an angle of 45 degrees, with the keel amidships. Each plank extends in one length from keel to gunwale, and between the layers is laid painted canvas. Stop-waters are introduced wherever the access of water is at all possible, and the most efficient means are adopted to prevent leakages in any part of the boat. The keel is of Tobin bronze. All fastenings are of copper nails and gun metal bolts, no iron fastenings being permitted. The floors are hackmatack.

The air cases are made in the best manner known, and are kept as light as possible by avoiding the use of more solder than is absolutely necessary for good and efficient work. The rudder is of white oak 13 1/2 inches thick and 20 inches at its greatest width, with hangings of gun metal. The masts are five inches in diameter, eighteen and sixteen feet long, and the spits are three inches in diameter, all of spruce. The copper air cases are of a mahogany color.

Altogether, the new boat is an ideal one in every way, and all will admit her superiority who has sailed in her, as I have, in the teeth of a howling gale.

FOR WALLS OF GLASS.

Specimens of Hollow Blown Glass Bricks in New York, Which Are Now Being Largely Used in Europe.

Specimens of Talconier's blown-glass bricks have been added to the museum of the Architectural League. They came from France, where they have been used for many years. They are also in growing favor in Germany, and are destined for general use under certain conditions in the United States.

The blown-glass brick must not be confounded with the solid pressed bricks that have proven a failure. The new-style glass bricks are very light and strong. They are, in fact, hollow chambers, so shaped as to be readily put together like other building blocks, and are so laid as to present a highly ornamental appearance. These bricks fill successfully the part of double windows, being impervious to heat, cold and dampness, while noise is excluded and light admitted.

The bricks are hermetically sealed while still hot, to the end that the interior may remain clean. The laying of these bricks is the work of the ordinary bricklayer, who uses a cement as nearly colorless as possible mixed with very fine white sand. These bricks are being used abroad with splendid results in the construction of greenhouses and conservatories. Such conservatories retain stored heat for a considerably longer time than those of any other construction.

When the manufacture of blown-glass bricks becomes general they will be cast in sizes suitable for skylights, domes, awnings, and for the building of walls and partitions for city houses, where both light and sound-proof walls are desired. Walls twenty-seven feet in height have been constructed of the glass bricks without any iron framework. Above these dimensions, supports and stanchions are necessary.

DOGS TRANSMIT DISEASE.

A French Doctor Says Many Cases of Mysterious Illness Are Solely Due to Canine Pets.

A French doctor of repute advances the theory that disease can be transmitted from a dog to a human being. He claims that many diseases which are attributed to other causes are really contracted in this manner. Consumption is cited as an ailment to which this theory is particularly applicable, as well as diphtheria, typhus fever and cancer.

Dr. Glover, the veterinarian of the Westminster Kennel Club, said that contagion from a dog was unlikely, but by no means impossible. The easiest diseases to contract in this manner were the itch and ringworm. He knows of at least two cases where mange had been transmitted. The parasite of mange in a dog will produce the same sort of disease in a human being, but the affection will not spread. Wherever the dog's skin comes in contact with human flesh an intense itching will ensue. Little vesicles will form where the parasite burrows in and produces the itching sensation. The disease is, of course, only communicated when all the circumstances are favorable. It will not attack the hands, because the skin is too hard.

It is not definitely known whether cancer is contagious or not, but the malignant growth in a dog is the same as in a human being, and there is good reason to believe that contagion is possible. Dogs are not sensitive to consumption and very rarely have the disease. They have been fed on tuberculous meat for months without experiencing any ill effects. The disease does, however, sometimes effect a lodgement, and almost always kills the animal. So far as is known there is no case on record in this country where consumption has been contracted from a dog.

Dr. Sherwood says dogs also have rheumatism, pneumonia, jaundice, etc., but, of course, none of these are contagious. The old idea that a dog held in the arms of a rheumatic individual will draw the rheumatism from the sufferer is entirely erroneous. The animal heat of the dog will temporarily benefit the rheumatism, but the dog will not fall heir to the affliction. It is a disease caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood, and cannot be transmitted.

Doctors and veterinary surgeons agree that ringworm can be and often is caught from a dog. It is apparently the same parasite which causes the disease in all animals. Dogs and cats will contract it from rats and mice which they kill, and children in turn contract it from them very easily.

One fact, however, is beyond question. More dogs catch diseases from human beings than human beings do from dogs. As a rule a dog is healthier than the average man, and can consequently resist disease better.

SUICIDES BY POISON.

Favorite Method
of New York's
Self-Slayers.

WOMEN TAKE CARBOLIC ACID.

Slow Acting and Painful
Drugs the Ones That
Are Preferred.

More than three hundred persons, over one-half of the total number of suicides in New York last year, took poison.

In addition there were several hundred persons who attempted self-destruction by taking poison, but failed to end their existence. The number of deaths by suicide has increased to such an extent that the attention of medical men as well as that of the Legislature has been directed thereto. It is probably easier to purchase these active poisons in New York than in almost any other city in the world. Many of the most deadly are at present obtainable not only in drug stores, but in hundreds of grocery stores for suicidal purposes.

In connection with this latter fact the discovery was recently made that in Brooklyn, where the same conditions prevail as in New York, groceries keep such poisons as arsenic, Paris green, etc., in cans on the same shelves and often mixed up with the stock of canned vegetables. The lack of discrimination is shown in the fact that it is as easy to obtain a can of "as it is one of vegetables."

The records of the past year show that there are certain favorite methods observed in the selection of poisons. The most popular method of suicide in New York last year was carbofic acid, due apparently to the fact that, like arsenic, it is one of the most painful in its effects and slowest in its action.

The quickest method of crossing the Styx is by the use of prussic acid. It usually produces fatal results after the blood has made one trip from head to toe. A strange feature in cases of death resulting from the effect of poisoning by prussic acid is that the natural color of the person while in life generally returns to the face a few hours after death.

Morphine and chlorides are classed among the poisons which cause a rather rapid death after a poisonous fashion. Yet it is a fact that these poisons are least used by suicides. Only a self-destruction by means of the cord in this city last year was 41 by carbofic acid, 27 by Paris green and 6 by rough on.

Another noticeable fact in this city is that more than 100 of the number of cases of suicide were of male persons.

The females by two to one exceed the males in New York last year. Persons of foreign birth, chief and only 110 or less than of native citizens. The greater suicides were committed by you. Those between the ages of forty and fifty years numbered 177; were 41 cases of suicide between of fifteen and twenty-five, 133 of ages of forty-five and sixty-five persons over sixty-five years of age.

Next to the use of pills for purposes of the pistol, shot or vor. There were 234 cases gunshot wounds in this city while there were only 20 from poisoning.

In the long list of poisons the one for which is preferred is arsenic. This either in the form of Paris green. When either of these has been absorbed the best efforts of physicians result in fatal poison among the preferred.

Another effective antidote is sulphate of zinc. In cases of poisoning from arsenic, Paris green or rat poison, aromatic spirits of ammonia should be used as an antidote. An ordinary antidote for opium, laudanum and morphine is strong black coffee, or caffeine, which can only succeed, however, where artificial respiration is induced.

The antidote for prussic acid poisoning is aromatic spirits of ammonia, accompanied by artificial respiration and hypodermic injections of ether. This poison acts so quickly that heroic measures are absolutely necessary.

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STRANGE CASE OF INSTINCT.

A Baboon Recognizes the Man Who Took It to England Years Before.

A strange instance of animal instinct occurred at the Theatre Royal, Middlesborough, England, during the performance of a pantomime. In the pantomime a miniature circus with ponies, baboon, and a donkey.

While putting the baboon through its paces the trainer noticed how eagerly it sought the footlights and scanned the first row of the stalls. A seafaring man, who was evidently the object of interest to the baboon, uttered a peculiarly distinctive cry, whereupon the baboon sprang across the footlights into his arms.

An inquiry on the part of the writing manager elicited the extraordinary fact that the seaman had originally brought the baboon from his native land, but that was several years ago.